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MAY 6, 1885.

Price, 10 Cents

"What fools these Mortals be!"
MIDSUMMER-NIGHTS DREAM.

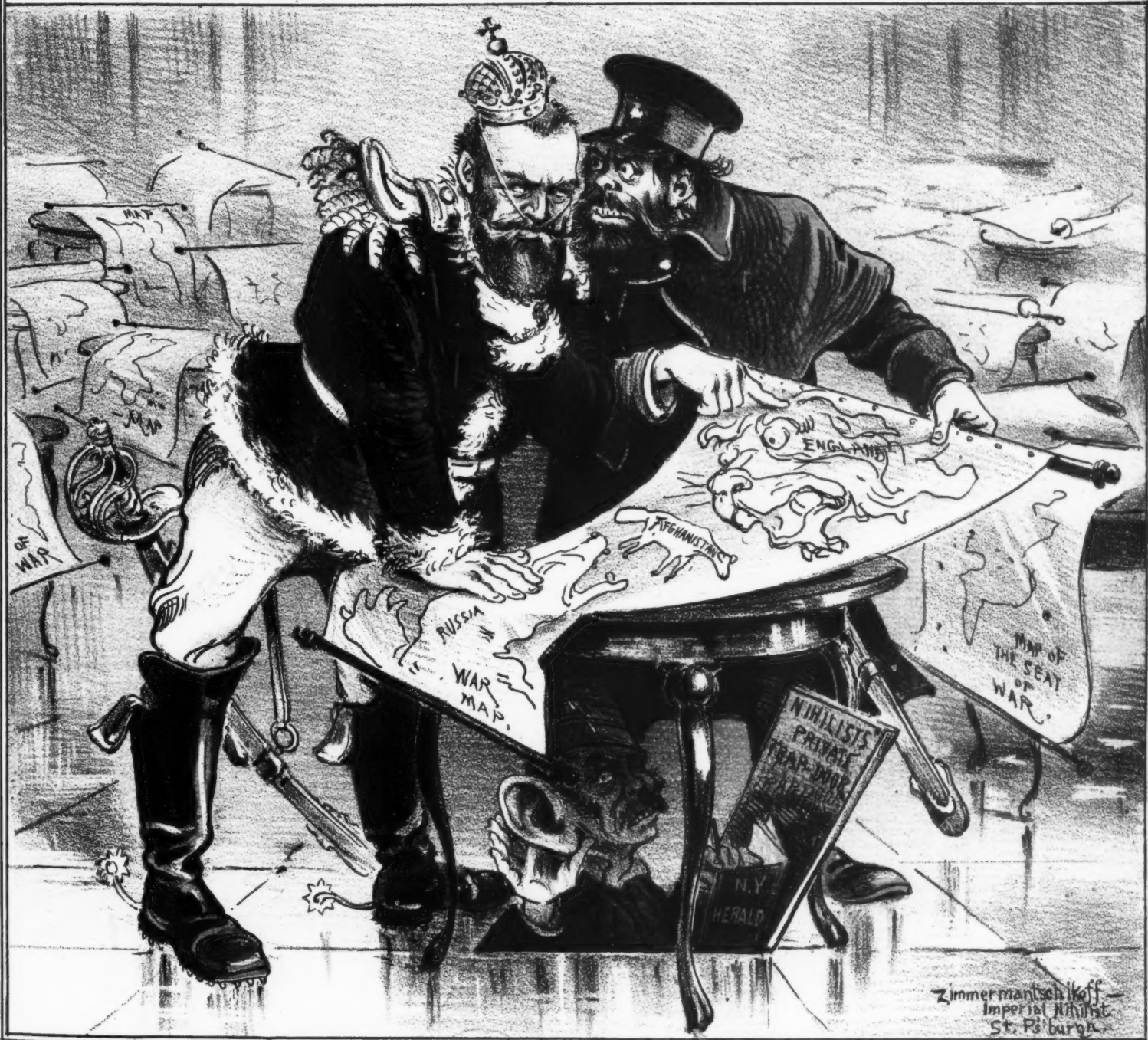
Puck

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HOW THE "HERALD" DOES IT.

Instantaneous Sketch by Puck's Special Artist of the *Herald's* Special Correspondent Getting his Important Information about the Czar and Gen. Obrucheff.

PUCK.

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UNDER THE ARTISTIC CHARGE OF - - JOS. KEPPLER
BUSINESS-MANAGER - - - - A. SCHWARZMANN
EDITOR - - - - - H. C. BUNNER

IMPORTANT TO SUBSCRIBERS.

The date printed on the wrapper of each paper denotes the time when the subscription expires.

We cannot undertake to return Rejected Communications. We cannot undertake to send postal-cards to inquiring contributors. We cannot undertake to pay attention to stamps or stamped envelopes. We cannot undertake to say this more than one-hundred and fifty times more.

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

Advertisements or changes of Advertisements on 12th, 13th and 14th pages of Puck must be handed in on Wednesday before 3 P. M.
Forms of the 15th page are closed Friday at noon.

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

It is altogether too easy to become a minister—at least, in this country. To be a Man of God—the representative on earth of the divine principle of the universe—a guide and teacher, an example to one's fellow-men—one would naturally think that this was a serious matter: that the man who sought to take such a place assumed a responsibility not to be entered into lightly or unadvisedly. One would think that a man would be very sure of his calling before he took up so great a burden of care. But, as a matter of fact, people nowadays become clergymen and ministers of the Word pretty much as they become grocers and butchers and bakers—indeed, they take less thought about entering upon this holy life than they would about going into any business that called for the investment of solid capital.

* * *

Any mooney youth who is afflicted with a few crude thoughts about religion is liable to be struck with the ministerial fever. He gets his friends and the members of his church to put up the money necessary to run him through a wild-cat theological seminary, and after two or three years he is turned out, ignorant, shallow, his enthusiasm evaporated. He has no talent to make his way in the world; there is nothing for him to do but to settle down to make a sordid trade of his high calling and squeeze a livelihood out of it as best he may. This is the kind of man who occasionally blares forth with a sensational sermon against the theatre or whatever it may be that he thinks will serve his itch for notoriety. And this is the sort of man who turns what he calls an honest penny by marrying foolish children without their parents' consent.

A NIGHTMARE—



CAUSED BY STUDYING FOREIGN AND AMERICAN CARTOONS ON THE
ANGLO-RUSSIAN COMPLICATIONS.

Now, there is no objection whatever to this species of clergyman making an ass of himself in a sensational sermon. But when he comes to upsetting the fundamental decencies of society for the sake of a miserable marriage-fee, it is time that he was put out of the way of doing mischief. Exactly how the law is to do this it is not easy to say; but it is clear enough that society itself can take the offender in hand in a thoroughly effective way. We may not be able to unfrock the sinner; but we can take his congregation away from him without process of law.

* * *

Secretary Bayard has not shown, in his new office, any remarkable profundity of judgement in his appointments. He may fairly be said to have disappointed his admirers, in this regard. But he is a shining light of political purity and wisdom alongside of the Honorable Daniel Manning. Mr. Daniel Manning is a man after Vice-President Hendricks's own heart. He has about as much respect for the theory of civil service reform as he has for the Rig Vedas, if he ever heard of the Rig Vedas. He has about as much understanding of the temper of the people on this point as he has of the religion of the inhabitants of Mars. He belongs absolutely and utterly to the old school.

Manning's bourbonism has done, so far, no irreparable mischief. But he has openly declared himself and taken his stand on the wrong side of the question. We now know, very distinctly, where Mr. Manning stands. We think we know where his colleagues stand. But it will be needful that they should leave no doubt on the subject in the public mind. When the two great political parties next meet, the issue of battle will be, as it practically was the last time, this question of civil service reform. Even tariff reform may be called a secondary consideration, since the first, to all intents and purposes, implies the second. And it is none too soon to begin to

"part the goats upon the left hand, and the sheep upon the right."

PICKINGS FROM PUCK (second crop) will be out in about two weeks. This PICKINGS FROM PUCK is, as we have remarked before, a second crop. We don't mean, by second crop, a fresh edition of the PICKINGS FROM PUCK that you have been roaring over for several years; but an entirely new book, never before republished, and packed from cover to cover with brand-new jokes. It is also full of pictures that are quite as new and side-splitting as the jokes, and constitute in themselves a sort of portable National Academy of Design, except that they are correctly drawn. Everything is right up to the times, and it is good stock to invest in, because it never gets beneath par. Look out for it. Price, 25 cents.

THE NEW BOCK-BEER SIGNS.

"Say," said a short red-faced man with traces of hayseed in his hair: "do you keep buck-beer?"

"Yes," replied the bar-keeper: "have some?"

"What did you suppose I asked for? Do I look like a man that asked questions for fun? That's right. Ah! I tell you, buck-beer goes to the spot. Gimme 'nuther. That's good! Gimme 'nuther while yer 'bout it. Say, what do they mean by monkeying with the signs?"

"What signs?" inquired the bar-keeper, politely.

"The buck-beer signs, of course. What kind of signs do you think I'm talking about? I'm not the kind of man that scatters when he talks."

The bar-keeper was unable to answer the question.

"Why," continued the countryman: "when I was here last year, I could tell a buck-beer place as far off as I could see it by the sign. There was always a goat—and always the same goat, too—and a barrel of beer; and the goat appeared to be having a good time with it. You might give me a 'nuther glass while yer waiting for me to tell this story. When I got in town yesterday, I started out for beer. I always do. That's what I come here for. I wanted buck-beer. More in it, and it's cheaper. I went down Broadway lookin' for the goat. Walked more'n a mile. Nary a goat. Saw lots of pretty girls half undressed, standing on clouds and a-twining flowers; but no goat. I asked a policeman where they kept buck-beer. He pointed out a place where there was a sign of two children a-leadin' a beautiful kid through a flower-garden, and I hesitated. I told him it looked more like a temperance sign. I went in, though, and got it. But, Lor' bless you, it wasn't enough. Speakin' of that, gimme 'nuther glass. Then I went out again. I had got some confidence, and when I come to a sign of a young woman with a poke-bonnet on, winkin' behind a fan, I went in and says to the young man: 'Gimme a glass.'

"A glass of what?" says he.

"What do you suppose?" says I: "Do I look like a man that would ask for a glass of water? Gimme a glass of buck-beer."

"Then the young man laughed at me and said:

"'Wrong place, old man; this ain't a saloon, it's a cigar-store. Next block, first door to the right.'

"I never was so 'stonished in all my life. I was fooled by that pesky sign. I follered his 'structions, and found the beer all right. The

next place I tried was farther up-town. The window was full of signs. All of 'em pretty. There was ships on the sea, horses in the country, and women without much clothes on scattered all over the place. Shay, I was putty well loaded by that time, and awful thirsty—what do you 'spose I did?"

The bar-keeper was unable to imagine.

"I sailed into the room, and says to an old cock with glasses on: 'Shay,' says I: 'gimme a glass.'

"Glass of what?" says he.

"Of buck-beer," says I.

"My friend," says he, solemnly: "this ain't a beer-place."

"Then why in thunder don't you take in your signs?"

"What signs?" says he.

"The beer-signs," says I, pointing to the picture-cards.

"Those ain't beer-signs," says he: "and I have a good mind to have you arrested."

"I was scared."

"I should say so," remarked the bar-keeper, sympathetically: "What else did the old man say?"

"Those ain't beer-signs," says he: "they are pictures from the National Academy of Design."

THE *National Druggist* suggests that in order to prevent the possibility of mistaking morphine for quinine, the latter drug be tinted red. This plan has its merits. It is obviously better than the method now in vogue, which leaves the discovery to the man who buys the drug. Painting quinine red is manifestly cheaper than the coroner's inquests.

SHE.—"Going to the reception?"

HE.—"No."

SHE.—"Why not?"

HE.—"No clothes."

SHE.—"Neither have I."

HE.—"Well, you can go that way; I can't."

"DR. TALMAGE is preaching on roller-rinks," says an exchange. We have always understood that the doctor indulged in pulpit gymnastics; but we had not heard before that he wore roller-skates. If this is the case, the worst enemy the doctor has is avenged.

A CONNECTICUT DOG, which had been racing with the cars, is said to have been run down by a train and badly mutilated. It is believed that the animal lay down on the track, and was waiting for the train to catch up with him.

Puckerings.



It's time to do the garden now,
For buds are busting on the bough,
The lively dog barks at the cow:
"Bow-wow!"

The boy is climbing up the tree,
The maiden eats the strawberree,
And goes, with smiles and wondrous glee:
"Kee-hee!"

Now the bull-dog shows his spunk,
When the boy with him does monk—

And croaks the frog, with rapture drunk:
"Ker-chunk!"

Oh, then bring forth the spade and rake,
And let me in the sunshine bake,

And as a fancy farmer take
The cake.

Oh, let me rake the flower-beds,
The apricots and cabbage-heads,
And lam the lively quadrupeds
To shreds!

I'll watch the things that grow in hills,
And work hard at it, if it kills
My peace and all my system fills
With chills.

* Ey.

DECOY DUCK—The kind you usually get at your boarding-house.

"THE DUTY ON TACKS" is the head-line of a financial paper. The duty on tacks seems to be, in general, to swear.

AN AGRICULTURAL journal asks: "When is the best time to skim milk?" One time is as bad as another—that is, for the boarder.

ONE OF the peculiar things about this life is the fact that the child next door is always so much more disagreeable and peevish than your own.

"THE LEOPARD loves to change his spots," says an authority on natural history. This is the first time we ever knew the leopard played the game.

A WESTERN HOTEL has posted in a prominent place in each room a placard on which is printed: "Don't scratch on the wall." Very few men do, we believe.

PROFESSOR DE VOE is said to contemplate writing a book on the weather. We trust this report is erroneous. We have already had too much pernicious literature this year.

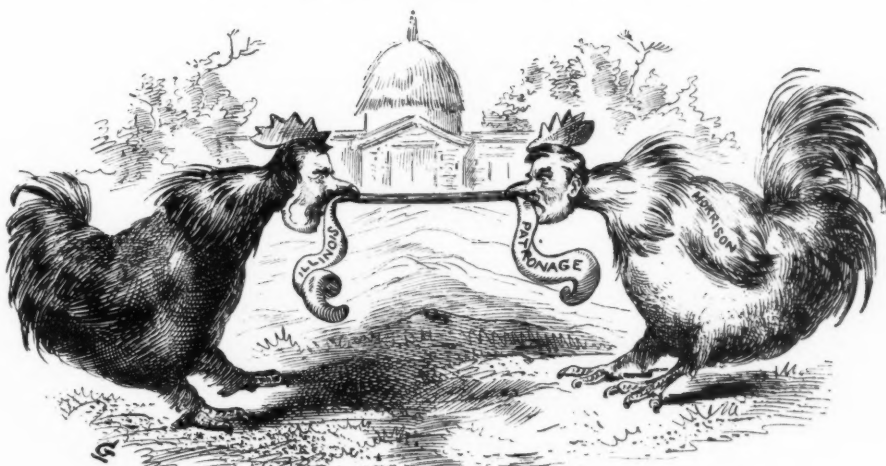
"THEY ARE selling stills at auction in the South," observed Jones to a bibulous acquaintance: "That ought to be a good place for you to get rid of the one you have had on for the past six months."

AN EASTON, Mass., man put one thousand eggs in an incubator, and the result was one chicken. If he had only put in one egg, he would probably have gotten one-thousandth part of a chicken.

"THE NURSERYMEN of Rochester, and the market gardeners near Boston cultivate land that is worth a thousand dollars an acre." That is the way of the world. The richer a man is, the more he is cultivated.

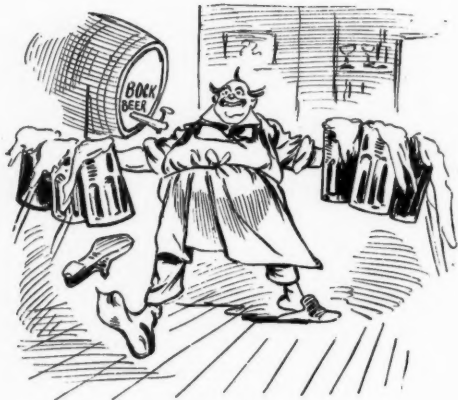
LADY ANNE LINDSAY wrote a poem when she was twenty-one, but did not acknowledge the authorship until after she was seventy years old, which may have been one of the causes contributing to a happy and advanced life.

THE SENATORIAL DEADLOCK IN ILLINOIS.



A TOUGH PULL BETWEEN LOGAN AND MORRISON.

THE MESSAGE OF THE YEAR.—CORRECTED TO DATE.



And I see, as in a vision,
Monarch of the season's round,
Him in northern realms elysian
King and friend and comrade crowned—

All the world begins to soften
Into faint and tender green,
Happier breezes hint more often
Of the summer yet unseen.
Grass is springing, buds are breaking,
Though their sheaths with winter sere;
Questions low the heart awaking:
"What 's the message of the year?"

Of the new year fresh and tender,
Born anew for us this spring—
Ah, no days of wintry splendor
Could this truer New Year bring.
January knew her never;
But with May she cometh here;
And our hearts are asking ever:
"What 's the message of the year?"

And the sweet and subtle meaning
Of the May to me is clear—
"Kellner, Kellner, come careening
With a round of good Bock-beer!"
G. A. M'BRIENUS.

REALISM IN MUSIC.

"An unreasonable citizen, not having music in his soul, nor capacity to be moved by concords of sweet sounds, writes to say, 'Shoot the peacocks.' Some persons can't learn to love Wagnerian music." So says a Southern paper, whose musical writer evidently has a deep insight into the possibilities of instrumentation. He goes on to suggest that the addition of the sonorous jackass would greatly improve the modern orchestra. I am convinced that this writer has foreshadowed the legitimate outcome of the latest school of music, of which the noblest exponents are Brahms and Dvorak.

Of course there will be an outcry from those old fogies who call themselves conservatives against the employment in music of those means with which Nature has provided us, just as there was an outcry when a certain eminent British statesman suggested the use of Indians in war. But there are musical forces in nature which would be of immense advantage if properly employed. Hector Berlioz went so far in his "Messe des Morts" as to write deep, hoarse notes for the trombone away down in the sub-cellular under the bass clef—notes which had never before been written for the instrument. He wrote in the margin of the score, "These notes have never before been written for the trombone, but they are in it." And in his "Traité d'Instrumentation" he describes the qualities and uses of such instruments as fire-bells, Russian bassoons, sax-horns, tam-tams, bass-drums and cymbals, and even encourages their frequent use.

Now, if so eminent an authority as Berlioz advises the use of such extreme measures, may we not take it for granted that the world's wisdom has grown since he died in 1864, and that we are now prepared to enter upon the great field of realism in music?

Why, certainly.

Let us look, then, at a few of the natural instruments ready to our hands, and at the manner in which they may be employed. First, there is the peacock, so aptly suggested by that learned Southern contemporary. Every one must remember the great witches' dance in "Mefistofele." The hoarse grunts of the excited bassoon, coupled with the mad squealings of the wry-necked piccolo and the furious clashing of the ominous cymbals, produce a dire effect in that scene. But think how much it would be heightened if to the howlings of the chorus were added the despairing yells of a

few lost souls, represented by the screams of peafowls artistically jabbed with pins by well-trained small boys. And think how easy it would be to train the boys.

Again, we have that nocturnal nightingale, the scientific owl. Does not the rich imagination immediately couple that bird with the dismal scene of the resurrection of the nuns in "Robert le Diable"? When the nuns are slowly rising from their tombs, and the green calcium is shedding a ghastly light upon the stage—when the "pale middle notes" of the bassoon are playing that weird dance, and *Bertram* is wagging his diagonal eyebrows in the left first entrance, just think how effective the long, quavering hoot of a first-class contralto owl would be! And just think how the owl would get in his fine work when he saw the gray nuns transformed into pink ballet-girls who were old enough to have stayed dead, or else have been "resurrected" in earnest.

Then there is the cat, the lute-voiced cat. It is a wonder that the great composers have

never made use of this animal. No nocturnal scene is true to nature without his long-drawn tenor notes. How much more realistic the garden-scene in "Faust" would be if *Margherita's* pet Maltese sat on the roof of her cottage and replaced the clarinet in the obligato of the "Salve dimora." I have written to Gounod, suggesting that he make the alteration.

"Look at the 'Ride of the Valkyries.' See how Wagner has piled up the brasses in a vain attempt to express adequately the horror of that episode. But he fails to attain the full effect. Why? Because he has omitted the splendid baritone of the sea-lion. Every man who has attended the *séances* of Mr. Barnum's great moral menagerie must have been struck with the powerful and touching way in which this talented creature warbles the great scene of the bards from "Tannhäuser." He sings that most of the time. Sometimes he gets in a little of *Wotan's* music from the tetralogy; but he hasn't the physical energy to stick to it long at a time. Still, he is plucky enough to hold out through the forte passages of the "Ride of the Valkyries," and if he were given a part to double with the bass-clarinet or the E-flat tuba, Wagner's object would be accomplished, and the public which cleaves to the music of the present would be put in a position to appreciate only the music of a great hereafter.

I think I have said enough to show what may be done with natural musical forces. Composers who are quick at grasping ideas will see what use can be made of properly trained foxhounds, laughing hyenas, news-boys and African lions. When they learn to employ these things, they will have reached the end to which Brahms and Dvorak are now trying to lead them. After that they will not care for earthly music.

W. J. HENDERSON.

OH, FOR a land of eternal summer,
Made all glad with cloudless days,
Where golden sunlight ceaseless plays,
And frozen pipes ne'er need the plumber!

"WHO WINS the money spent at gambling?" asks an inquirer. It is generally the other fellow. At least, that has been our experience.

A FAMILIAR CRY ON THE ELEVATED.



"ALL ABOARD—BOTH GATES!"

TWO DATES.

MAY FIRST.

"Nice house, is it?"
 "Fine!"
 "Newly furnished, I suppose?"
 "Everything brand-new."
 "Not too much shade—just enough to make it cool and pleasant?"
 "Just enough!"
 "Near the dépôt?"
 "Yes."
 "About three minutes' walk?"
 "Just about."
 "Good view from the windows?"
 "Splendid!"
 "Garden, I suppose?"
 "Certainly."
 "Nice neighbors?"
 "Couldn't be better."
 "Lawn in front of the house?"
 "Of course."
 "No malaria?"
 "Not a bit."
 "Well, I'll take it. Pay in advance?"
 "Yes."

OCTOBER FIRST.

"That's the meanest house I ever lived in."
 "I'm surprised."
 "The furniture was all worn out."
 "No?"
 "And there wasn't a shade-tree within twenty rods. Hot as an oven."
 "Is that so?"
 "And it took about an hour to get to the train."
 "Well! well!"
 "And there's a house right beside it that shuts off all the view—can't see a thing."
 "Can't?"
 "You couldn't find enough earth around it to plant a rose-bush."
 "You don't tell me?"
 "The neighbors are disgusting."
 "Really?"
 "It sets plump on the dusty road—not a sign of a lawn."
 "You don't mean it!"
 "Every one of my children and my wife are all down with malaria."
 "Well, I declare!"
 "Now, look here, sir. I have just come in to tell you that it wasn't at all what you said it was—not at all, sir; that you wanted to rent the house, and deliberately lied!"
 "I must have."

It is a painful fact that the half-baked man is not rare.

"THE DRUNKARD'S nose is never painted in water-colors." No, it is painted in oil—fusel-oil.

HARVEY discovered the circulation of the blood; but that is not much to boast of. If *The Blood* had been the name of one of the New York dailies, now.

AMONG "Hints for Callers" in an exchange we note the following: "Never mistake a silk umbrella in the hat-rack for your old cotton one." Possibly the writer knew what he was saying; but it strikes us this advice is more applicable to the owner of the silk umbrella than to the caller.

A BACKWARD SPRING is seasonable when you find you have got too close to the sprinkling-cart.

A RECIPE in an exchange tells how to make a meat-pie. The first thing, we believe, is to have some cold roast-beef left over from dinner.

"WINTER APPEARS to have tried roller-skating," according to an exchange. This is the worst thing we have yet heard against the current weather.

THE CONVICTS of the Ohio penitentiary were each given three hard-boiled eggs on Easter Sunday morning. Every year the Ohio authorities are making the penitentiary harsher and more offensive.

VIENNA has granted Johann Strauss the freedom of the city and life-long exemption from income-tax. As Herr Strauss depends upon music for his support, the city will probably not lose much.

AN OLD-FASHIONED JEFFERSONIAN BARBER.



MAKING HIM LOOK DECENT.

It is proposed to erect a "new widows' home" in Reading. The movement is unnecessary, it seems to us. New widows can generally secure homes for themselves. It is the old widows who need charity the most.

THE NEXT visit the Prince of Wales makes to Ireland will be when the onion is not ripe. His Highness is unusually intelligent for a prince. He knows when he has enough.

IN SWITZERLAND, when a child is born, a cask of wine is given to him to be drunk at his funeral. Consequently, the older he lives, the more the mourners appreciate his death.

"WILL SOMEBODY please tell the Committee on Auditor's Estimates how to put a quart of water in a pint-measure?" asks a Boston editor. Any strawberry-grower ought to give him the desired information.

THE INFANT MUSE

PUCK'S Variations on
 MR. ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON'S POEMS.
 ["A Child's Garden of Verses."]

CAT AND BALL.

See the pussy chase the ball
 Up and down the narrow hall;
 On the carpet green and red
 See her tumble on her head.

See her flying up the stairs;
 See her jumping over chairs,
 Spilling things with laughing face
 All the day about the place.

If I were a pussy-cat
 I should never act like that;
 But I'd go and in a trice
 Kill off all the rats and mice.

Then beside the stove I'd creep,
 And I'd sleep and sleep and sleep,
 Till good folks would call me that
 Well-behaved and gentle cat.

CHARITY.

Here 's my Penny, Aunt May,
 For the heathen far away.
 Get him some molasses-candy
 Like you got me yesterday.

CANDYLAND.

I'd be happy all the day
 As the butterfly at play,
 If all candies, red or blue,
 Only in the garden grew.

How I'd dance and snap my thumbs
 'Neath the hanging sugar-plums!
 How I'd laugh at candy-shops
 By my waving lemon-drops!

I'd be King of Candyland,
 And the sceptre in my hand
 A great stick of peppermint
 With a shining yellow tint.

And the girdle round my waist
 Should be made of jujube paste,
 And from crown to mantle-hems
 I should blaze with candy gems.

Naughty boys should never eat
 Up my candy bright and sweet;
 But I'd let Amelia Sims
 Fill her pockets to the brims.

WISE SELF ABNEGATION.

I shall not strike that hornet,
 As round my head he flies;
 I think it would be very wrong;
 He isn't half my size.

THE FIRE-FLIES.

The fire-flies are all about;
 I hope it won't rain and put them out.

CHRISTMAS-TREES.

How happy would be all the girls and
 the boys
 If Christmas-trees grew full of candy
 and toys!

MORNING BATHS.

At morn, when Jack 's put in his little
 green bath,
 He splashes the nurse, and cries out in
 his wrath;
 But when his turn comes, it is different
 with Tim:
 "O det me my boat, till I div it a swim!"

'WAY OVER IN AFRICA.

'Way over in Africa monkeys abound,
 They run up the cocoanut-trees from the
 ground,
 And hurl from the top limbs the cocoa-
 nuts down,
 To take the stray traveler right on the
 crown.
 I wish that some monkeys, all full of
 alarm,
 Would think me some traveler wishing
 them harm,
 And scurry right up to the top of that
 tree,
 And throw down those apples so rosy
 at me.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

OUR CARRIAGE-RIDE.

I.
Along the road we smoothly bowled,
Lined on the sides with blooming heather,
While she a woman's gossip told,
And I commented on the weather.

II.
We heard the wild bee's drowsy hum
Among the fields of growing clover;
We saw a robin frolicsome
Coquetting with a dashing lover.

III.
All Nature seemed in joyous mood,
As if a summer song enjoying;
My heart caught up with aptitude
Her strain without a note alloying.

IV.
And so we rode, that sweet June day,
Among the woods and fields together,
And, being young, our thoughts would stray
Beyond the glorious summer weather.

V.
"How smooth we glide along!" said she:
"How like a life of happy marriage!"
"Ah, yes," quoth I: "but then, you see,
In this case you provide the carriage."

VI.
Her head a single moment bent,
As if her repartee contriving,
"Such marriage, sir, you'd soon repent,
For then, as now, I'd do the driving."
C. H.



THE GREATEST OPPORTUNITY OF THE AGE.

A CARD TO MILLIONAIRES, EDITORS, AND OTHER CAPITALISTS.

I have devoted my genius for forty years to the study of theatres throughout the civilized world. As a result, I have made a score of inventions destined to revolutionize the present order of things. Each of these is an accomplished fact, so far as my theory, plans and models are concerned. All that I now require is the assistance of capital to put the product of my brains into practical use. To any business man of large fortune and great ability who will supply all the money I may require, I offer a one-tenth interest in any one of the following, my inventions:

I.—THE PATENT AUTOMATIC BOX-OFFICE MAN.

This beautiful mechanism is constructed of steel and brass. It makes change, delivers tickets, registers receipts, counts up the house, and issues free-passes. By means of a small bellows, a series of snorts and grunts are emitted at proper intervals. A mechanical arm is arranged to shoot from its shoulder and hit any dead-head, amateur actor, unsuccessful play-wright or creditor who presents himself at the window. It accepts cigars and lays them carefully by in an open cigar-box. Its running requires only a small quantity of alcohol per diem.

II.—THE PATENT ANTI-SPECULATOR.

This exquisite contrivance is based on instantaneous photography and chemistry. When a customer buys a ticket, the machine photographs his face on the paste-board, and impregnates it with a colorless chemical solution whose composition depends upon the condition of his hands. A transfer to a third party affects the solution, and brings out in bright scarlet letters the words "NO GOOD."

III.—THE PATENT MECHANICAL USHER.

This man-engine is automatic and noiseless. It receives a patron, removes his hat, overcoat, umbrella and rubbers, and gives a check therefor, hands him an opera-glass, programme, libretto and boutonniere, and takes him to his seat. If drunk, it carries him through the corridor to the street, throws him into the gutter, and, without being seen, retains his valuables.

IV.—THE PATENT ANTHROPOMORPHIC DRAMATIC CRITIC.

This noble work of the forge, shears and chisel is manufactured in all sizes from 4 ft. 10 to 6 ft. 1, from patterns supplied by the Eden Musée. It is silent in its action, and stands in a life-like attitude in any part of the building that may be desired by the manager during the entertainment. An improved type-writer is adjusted within the trunk. On seating the Critic and putting several ounces of pure silver

in an aperture on the side of its body, and a quantity of any easily evaporated fluid in a funnel in front, it starts forthwith into violent action, and produces first-class copy, the length thereof depending on the amount of silver and liquid employed. This improved Critic never strikes.

V.—THE PATENT ADJUSTABLE ORCHESTRA.

In this invention the musicians are invisible to the audience, sitting in a gallery over the stage behind the proscenium-arch. Over each performer is suspended a large black felt extinguisher; over both drum and cornet the extinguishers are doubly thick. Against the stage rear-wall large mirrors are so placed that the line of sight of the audience is thrown upon the music-gallery. An Eastlake curtain enables the stage-manager to display and conceal the orchestra as often as required. A bench of electric keys allows an irate audience to suppress any musician guilty of discord, beer, snoring or fortissimo-playing.

VI.—THE PATENT CALCULATING PLAYWRIGHT.

Only the deepest study and investigation disclose the manifold beauties of this mechanism. It is based upon the principles laid down by Babbage and other mathematicians. Its action is very simple. You throw into the funnel a novel and a half-page from the New York directory. On turning the crank, it (the machine, not the crank,) throws out four new plays into the delivery box, ready for production. I consider both crank and the crank-motion as the features of my life. With this machine you can convert an issue of *Punch* into a tragedy, *Puck* into a comedy, and the *Police Tribune* into a "penny dreadful." Nearly all of my own plays and more than fifty successes now on the boards are of its manufacture.

For full particulars and inspection of the inventions described, apply to

JAY STEEL DELSARTE,
Poet, Dramatist, Thinker and Inventor.

MACKERELVILLE MUSEUM,
New York.

W. E. S. F.

A COMMERCIAL TRAVELER had a dispute with the waiter at a country inn (South) relative to the probable date of an egg which had been served for breakfast.

"Well, sah," said the servitor: "I jess go call the gemman out of thirty-seven, and if he don't say dat dar's a fresh hegg, I done eat it, sah."

"Why, you mahogany-colored son of Eblis," quoth the irate drummer: "why should the gentleman in thirty-seven be a better judge of an egg than I am?"

"Oh, sah, he's an expert, sah. Dar ain't nuffin he don't know 'bout heggs, sah. De gemman am an hactah, sah."

A CULINARY JOURNAL gives a recipe for making flannel-cakes. We presume the flannel should be washed and carefully ironed before it is made into cakes. The cook should be very careful, too, to cut off the buttons and not to put any starch into it. A starched flannel-cake might be pretty to look upon; but it would probably be difficult to masticate, and liable to produce indigestion.

A SOLID REASON.



LEAN INDIVIDUAL.—"Give the poor woman something—you hear the touching story she tells."

PORTLY INDIVIDUAL.—"That's all right, my dear boy; but I'm not so easily moved as you are."

THE EXPOSITION.

APARTMENTS A TO Z, ST. CHARLES HOTEL, }
NEW ORLEANS, LA. }

The "ragged hand of Winter" still retains your Northlands in its icy grasp, and, plucking at the skirts of Spring, holds her reluctant in the draughty threshold of Thor's crystal palace. "Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May."

Yesterday, in Bath, Me., a man froze to death. In bath, New Orleans, no one ever freezes. Indeed, there are strange things in this rich Southern life which are apt to strike us with an oddity almost peculiar. As a trifling instance—instead of the card usual to hotels North, which bids us "Ring once for Ice-Water; twice for Bell-Boy, and three times for Fireman," here the less inspiring legend runs:

RING ONCE FOR YELLOW-FEVER DOCTOR.
TWICE FOR UNDERTAKER.
THREE TIMES FOR FIREMAN.

The intimation that a guest would be obliged, after death, to ring for a fireman, seems rather far-fetched and insincere. It springs naturally, however, from the exaggerated politeness and chivalrous urbanity so characteristic of Southern courtesy and gracious hospitality.

The industrial results of this Exposition cannot be overestimated. From statistics on file in Machinery Hall, one learns that the resources of Mexico (pronounced Máhiko) and the South-American States are, practically, boundless. Last year alone *la France* imported from Brazil and Peru—countries, by the way, twice as large as the whole surface of the earth—over one hundred heros of almost fabulous wealth, for use in the manufacture of popular novels. Meanwhile, our own novelists have chosen their millionaires from the ranks of influential Senators, plumbers and men who went to California in '49; with equal monotony, the English writer has chosen between brewers, East India traders, and criminals engaged in sheep-farming in the diamond-fields of Australia. Now, with Brazilian billionaires at the slight expense of looking up a Spanish name, we may hope for variety.

But this is not all. There are poets in Mexico (pronounced Máhiko) who write actual poetry. Let them be taken to the United States, get some of the Ollendorff boys for translators and—*quelle joie!*—retire our three-named feminine poets. As I said—*quelle joie!*

Every nation is here to learn, and it goes home to put the lesson into execution. Mexican journals are beginning to offer a seven-bladed knife for one subscriber, and colossal firms in Peru, waking up to the nineteenth century, are advertising: "Send ten cents for four articles that sell like wildfire."

I humbly suggest that the poetess send the ten cents. Wildfire doesn't sell very well, but it will command a better trade than feminine poetry.

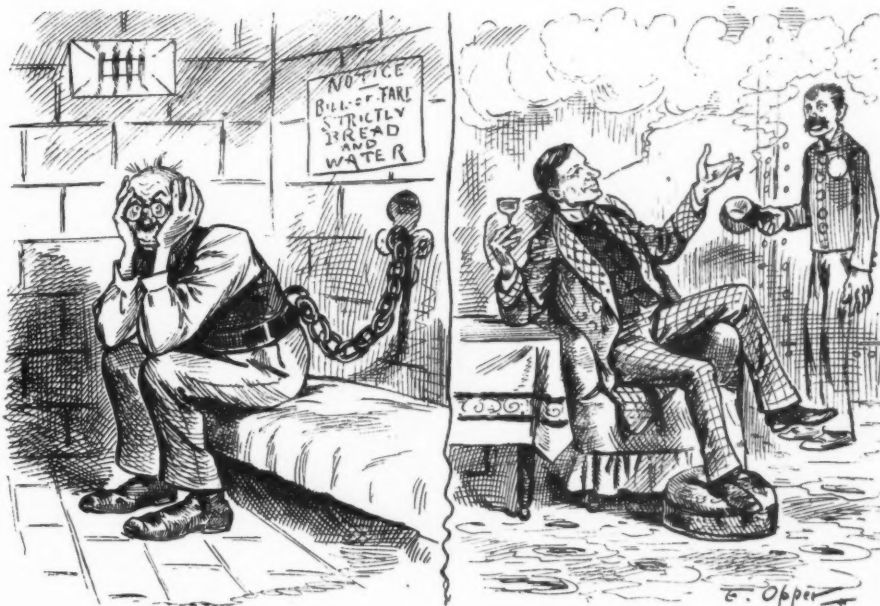
ASTONISHED NORTHERNERS.

Those people who have been accustomed to sneer at Southern enterprise, received yesterday a stinging answer to their narrow prejudices. This was the appearance, in Machinery Hall, of two hundred specialists who advertised to spell Tchoupitoulas Street from memory. They had been trained from childhood, and when one of them spelled the word correctly, the applause of the mighty throng—of Northerners and Southerners, alike—would certainly have been tremendous, but that everybody supposed he was wrong. New Orleans people are as fond of Tchoupitoulas Street and its orthography as a Boston girl is of Tremont Street and Faneuil Hall.

WALKIN MILLER

is here on exhibition. In his fervid descriptions of Southern scenery, he says that board is

TOUGH, BUT TRUE.



The Criminal of Fiction.

"In his narrow, comfortless cell, the convicted bank-officer sat, crushed by shame and remorse, with his head buried in his hands, and his agonized eyes staring vacantly into space, as though he saw before him a long future of shameful punishment."

The Criminal of Fact.

"Open another bottle, Tim," said Mr. Ferdinand Ward to the obsequious turnkey: "and then go and see if those theatre-tickets have come yet; and tell the boys I'm going to give another little blow-out here to-morrow night."

ten dollars per day. When he thinks that the gaiety in the North is growing too wild and unrestrained during his lamented absence, he arranges some exclamation-points, and dashes in the form of a poem, and hurls it among the readers. He never has to hurl twice. Newspaper correspondents are now receiving ten cents a column for turquoise sky and cotton-loom remarks. Those correspondents who avoided the enervating effects of this hot climate by remaining in the North are reaping large returns.

Passing through Machinery Hall, one is struck by the rare enterprise displayed by the Chilians. They have evidently kept all their machinery at home to work with.

WILLISTON FISH.

Answers for the Anxious.

Rejected "pomes" Puck ne'er returns,
I'll bet you a half-a-dollar!
Except a few of the choicest ones,
In the shape of a paper-collar.

DON.—Thanks if you won't do it again.

T. R. R.—Your strawberry jest is like the strawberries now in the market—small and tart.

G. G. G.—Yes, there is a point to your joke. But it is the kind of point that has place but not dimension. And its place is the waste-basket.

WILLIAM P. S.—Yes, we want poems on roller-skating. We want them to rend to pieces, to cremate, to annihilate utterly. Please don't keep copies.

EDWARDS.—You may be a poet of genius, but if you were Shakspeare and Keats consolidated, you couldn't spell manicule "manacure"—not in this paper you couldn't.

CLAUDIA.—No, we don't object to a young lady's writing poetry. But, Claudia, sweetest Claudia, it jars on our sensitive nerves when a young lady tries to write poetry and doesn't succeed, in which predicament we say thou standest. Go to, Claudia, get thee to, as rapidly as convenient. Thou art a pranksome little witch, by our halldome; but when it comes to writing poetry, thou art about nine points, seventeen rods and a parasang off the line, fair Claudia.

LA DONNA È MOBILE.

EMOTIONAL MELODRAMA IN TWO SCENES.

SCENE I.—Vacant lot at corner of two streets. On the other side of the lot is visible the entire length of a house, including a large bay-window at the rear. A carriage drives up on the side of the lot whence this is visible, and the occupant enters a neighboring residence to make a call. Timothy McFogarty Muldoon, the coachman, descends from the box, and walks up and down in front of the vacant lot. A beautiful dining-room maid appears in the bay-window beyond.

TIMOTHY.—Begorra, that's the purtiest gurl I've seen since I was a b'ye. She's lukin' at me, too. Be jabbers, she's shmoilin' at me! Oi'll jist thry me powers of mashin'. [Takes off his hat. Girl waves her hand.] Be the piper that played before Moses, Oi've caught on! [Kisses his hand to her. She replies similarly.] Begorra, she's moine intoirely. [Girl points to front of house and disappears.] Luk at that, now. She's goin' to the front to mate me. The boss 'll not be out fur half-an-hour. Now's me toime to catch on fur good.

SCENE II.—Front of the aforesaid house. Beautiful female figure visible in window. Timothy McFogarty Muldoon in front of house passionately kissing hand to female figure.

TIMOTHY.—Arrah, me darlint, is it there you are? Come out here an' see your adorer.

[Female figure suddenly disappears. Enter from front door, with great suddenness and a large club, Mr. Smith, owner of house.]

MR. SMITH.—How dare you kiss your hand to my wife, you miserable scoundrel? What do you mean by your impudence?

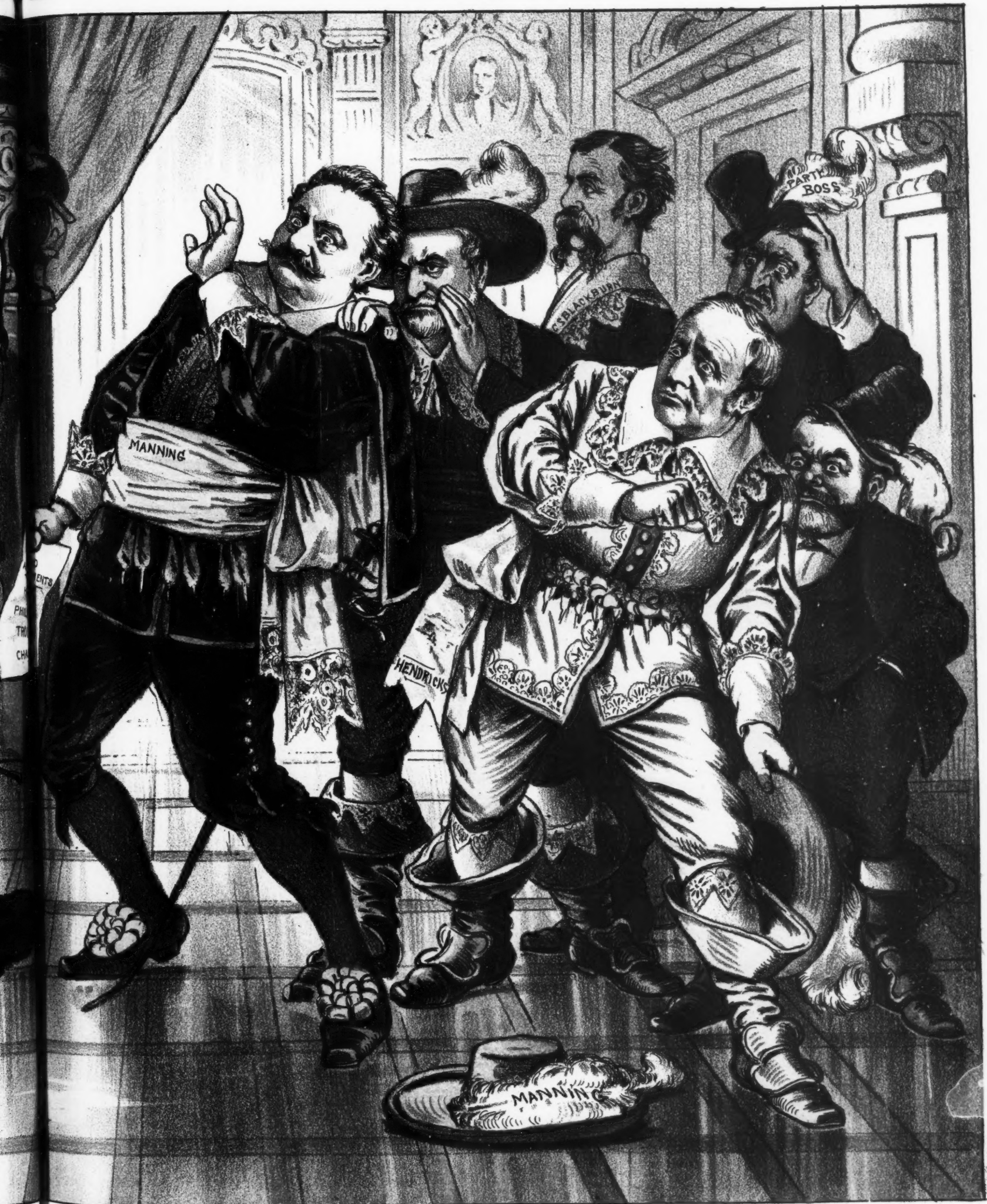
CLUB.—Thump! Thump!
[Exit Timothy McFogarty Muldoon, beating all records.]

WHAT is a type-righter? It is not generally a proof-reader, although that is usually what he is paid for.



MANNING-BARADAS.—My Lord, the Bosses cannot think Your Eminence
So far forgets your duty and their greatness
As to resist their mandate * * * * *

RICHELIEU DEF
CLEVELAND-RICHELIEU
wakes
forth



LIEU DEFIANCE.

RICHELIEU
wakes the power which in the age of Fraud
forth to curb dishonesty in office—

Mark where she stands—around her form I draw
The awful circle of our great Reform.
—"Richelieu," Act IV., Sc. 2.

A FIFTH AVENUE TRAGEDY.

Wrinkled as a washerwoman's thumb, and bent with age, old Mary sat on the curb-stone in front of the palatial mansion of Sylvester Silverbrick, crooning over an aged and voiceless hand-organ. A shawl of faded rags covered her thin figure, and a bonnet of antique make shielded her eyes from the glare of the electric-lamp. It was late in the night. The opera was over, and the rumble of the equipages, as they rolled up the avenue, had died away in the distance. The late pedestrians had gone long ago to their homes. The wide street was deserted, save by a solitary policeman who aimlessly and drowsily wandered along his beat like a country-man at a circus. Still old Mary remained at her post, and crooned her song of the long ago. The night air was chill and damp. The light flickered fitfully, casting black and ever-changing shadows upon the deserted pavement. The stars shone coldly in the clear blue sky, and the new moon surveyed the scene serenely over the northwest corner of the millionaire's mansion. Slowly and more slowly old Mary's arm performed its revolutionary task, until at last it dropped beside the organ, leaving the crank rigid and silent with astonishment; and the wind wheezed and sighed in its escape, as if with regret.

"Ah," murmured the old organ-grinder: "I'm afraid I've ground my last grind. Old Mary has had her day, and more than half her night. It was not always thus. Years ago I was young and beautiful. I had my silks and my satins, my rich gowns and gaudy bonnets. My poor old wrinkled hands were covered with six-button kids, and my tired feet were encased in French-heeled boots. In times gone by I slept in this grand mansion, ay, in this very house where I now sit cold, hungry, old and dying."

"My word was once law in those walls, I was the fêted darling, the petted pride of that household. But time with its remorseless march has changed my life. I am no longer rich, young and beautiful. No more do the aristocracy kneel at my feet. That fearful day when I was disowned, cast out and forbidden to return! Never again should I enter those doors. This is a cruel world, a great, careless, thoughtless, ungrateful world, and poor Mary was sent adrift in this great city. Alone in the world. Ah, that was cruel! But little did they care. Often have they passed me in their splendid carriage. They have rustled their silks against

my shawl, and dropped a penny in my cup, as if I was a common beggar!"

Here the old organ-grinder buried her wrinkled face in her hands and sobbed softly to herself.

"There was Tom," she continued: "Ah, brave Tom! My own brave Tom! Well do I remember the time I first met him. How fine and handsome he looked in his uniform! What a commotion he created on the Avenue when he walked by! But Tom had eyes only for me. And this was the hand that Tom said was so beautiful. Worth a king's ransom, he said. Ah! that was long, long ago. Tom is dead now, and I am dying. Yes—dy—ing."

"Here, what's this?" exclaimed the policeman, as he approached a bundle of rags and a hand-organ as the sky began to redden in the east: "Here," he continued, as he poked the bundle with his long night-club: "Why, it's old Mary, the organ-grinder. Here, old girl, move on or I'll take you in. What! no answer? Well, if this ain't impudence! The old woman is asleep. Wake up, I tell you. No? Then—bless my soul, she's dead!"

And so she was. On the pavement in front of her former home old Mary had died, alone and forgotten. Tenderly the policeman picked her up in his arms and carried her to the station-house, and gently he covered her ashen face with her shawl.

The next morning at breakfast Mrs. Silverbrick observed to her husband:

"The policeman says that Mary, the organ-grinder, died last night on the pavement in front of our house."

"Mary! What, our Mary?" exclaimed the millionaire: "The Mary we had when you and I were young?"

"The same," answered his wife: "she starved to death."

"What a shame," replied the banker: "to do anything of that sort in front of our house! There ought to be a law against it. Poor people ought to do their dying in their own hovels. It ought to be a lesson to you, though. Next time stipulate there is to be no organ-grinding, or begging, or starving on the street when you discharge your cook. It would almost have been better to have kept her."

BENJAMIN NORTHROP.

"NEVER JUDGE by appearances." That's a fact. The innocent revolver is generally loaded.

THE SONG OF THE SHAD.

I am a shad:
Not the attenuated variety of the genus homo reviled by Western wits,
But the genuine piscine species, the only original Jacobs,
The roseate opalescent *alosa prestabilis*,
A delicious but ossiferous member
Of the acanthopterygious family.
I come from Florida,
Savannah, Charleston, the Potomac and several other high-toned places,
(Varying in price from two dollars to a quarter, according to the distance traversed);
Even from far-off Hoboken and the misty shores
Of the Nutmeg State, Connecticut.
Proudly I sail into the azure waters of Manhattan;
I gaze on its verdant shores and its forests of masts and shipping,
(Bringing the organ-grinder from Rome and the Irish voter).

I smell the smell of Hunter's Point,
And the slimy sludge of Gowanus
And Hoboken.
Faugh!

I am caught by a horny-handed son of the sea,
Chewing tobacco and loudly reeking with whiskey.
I am rapidly yanked across the billows
In one of Starin's steamboats to Fulton Market.
I am the first of the season, and am sold
For just five dollars.

The same archaic ass puts up the V
As did last season.
The dealer winks and chuckles,
And fifteen minutes thereafter works the growler.

Carefully bundled in straw-paper,
With my tail protruding in Edison's arc-light,
I am borne by the owner homeward.
He stops at intervals, here and there, refreshing intervals,
To sample Bock—German ambrosia.
Behold me on the bar, admired of all admirers!
Beer 's in my eye, and cocktail in my branchiae.
I hear the sound of dice, the clash of crystal,
The carnivorous crunch of the free lunch fiend,
The yell of the tramp suddenly bounced by the bouncer,
The halcyon, vociferous damn of the loser and owner,
The musical gurgle of drinks all drunk with the winner.
These, O Soul, resound through my being.

I go 'neath the winner's arms unto his domicile,
(113th Street, on the corner of Madison).

And then—
The circumambient key-hole forever eluding its master;
His interjectory oaths and copious perspiration;
The door suddenly opened by the white-robed mater-
The hideous silence [familias];
That falls upon all—unbroken save by the flop
Of me dropping into the "arey";
The midnight Thomas C. and my absolute disappearance!

I am a shad,
(With the previous epithets mentioned).
I have 3,000,000 bones. If you don't believe it, count
2,000,000 went into that cat, [them!]
And also 900,000.
Its corpse was found in the morning.
It looked like a hedgehog.

OUR SUDDEN SECRETARY OF THE NAVY.



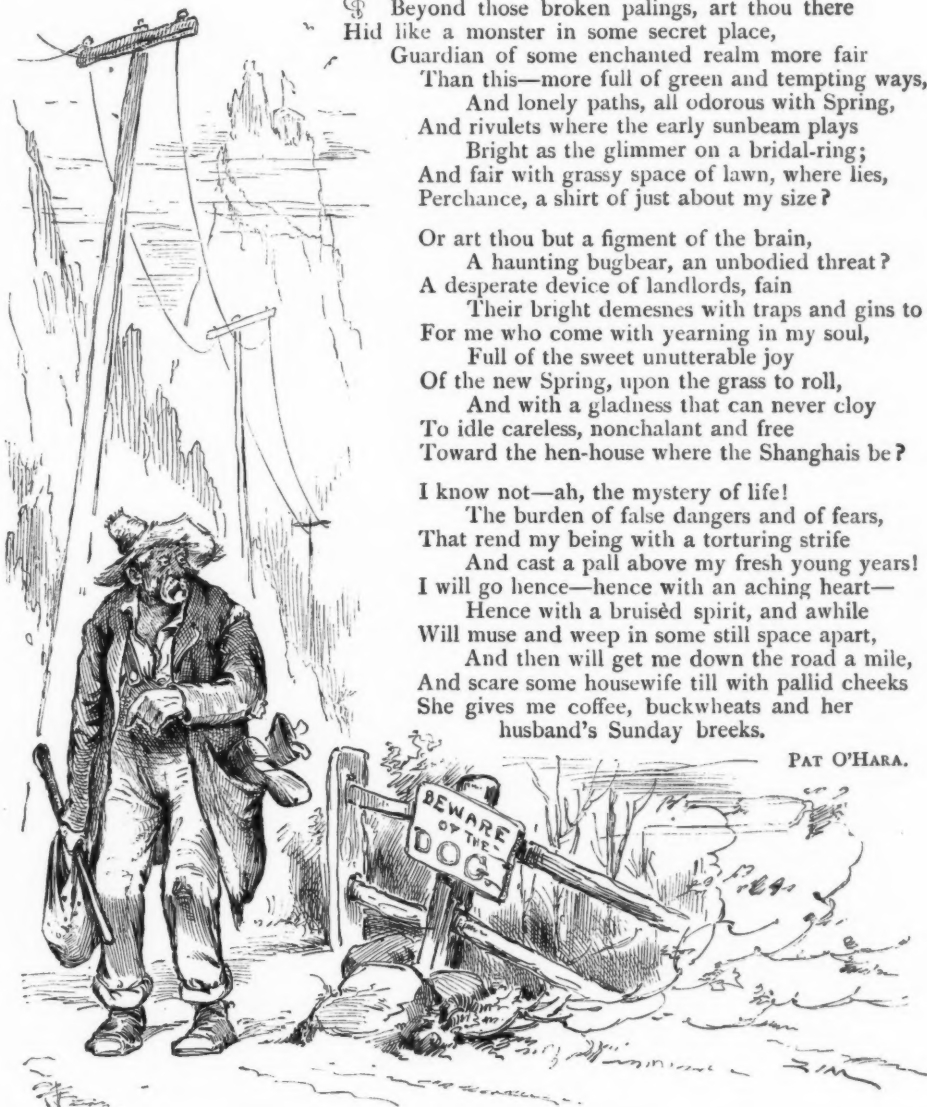
This is the Brooklyn Navy-Yard as it Looked one Fine Day Last Week.



This is the Way it Looked when Secretary Whitney Arrived Unexpectedly.

TO A DOG.

THE APOSTROPHE OF A WANDERER.



PAT O'HARA.

CANINE that rampest in the unknown space
 Beyond those broken palings, art thou there
 Hid like a monster in some secret place,
 Guardian of some enchanted realm more fair
 Than this—more full of green and tempting ways,
 And lonely paths, all odorous with Spring,
 And rivulets where the early sunbeam plays
 Bright as the glimmer on a bridal-ring;
 And fair with grassy space of lawn, where lies,
 Perchance, a shirt of just about my size?

Or art thou but a figment of the brain,
 A haunting bugbear, an unbodied threat?
 A desperate device of landlords, fain
 Their bright demesnes with traps and gins to set
 For me who come with yearning in my soul,
 Full of the sweet unutterable joy
 Of the new Spring, upon the grass to roll,
 And with a gladness that can never cloy
 To idle careless, nonchalant and free
 Toward the hen-house where the Shanghais be?

I know not—ah, the mystery of life!
 The burden of false dangers and of fears,
 That rend my being with a torturing strife
 And cast a pall above my fresh young years!
 I will go hence—hence with an aching heart—
 Hence with a bruised spirit, and awhile
 Will muse and weep in some still space apart,
 And then will get me down the road a mile,
 And scare some housewife till with pallid cheeks
 She gives me coffee, buckwheats and her
 husband's Sunday breeks.

FREE LUNCH.

THE WILL of Hon. Thomas Hege, of Franklin, Pa., provides that "should any of the officials of the Venango National Bank become conscience-stricken and conclude to return to his executors the \$55,000 they stole from him, he bequeaths that sum to the cemetery." It is fortunate he bequeathed the money to the cemetery. The residuary legatees can afford to wait for it.

GOVERNOR-ELECT CURRIER, of New Hampshire, says he never read a novel in his life. He has written a book of poems, however. We believe Chandler comes from New Hampshire, too. Poor New Hampshire!

A PHILADELPHIA PAPER publishes a "House-Hunters' Directory." What use this is, is not known. A house-hunter does not need a directory of himself half as much as he does a list of vacant houses.

THE WORDS "plain lobster," so often seen on bills-of-fare, lead us to wonder why they do not serve up a good-looking one occasionally.

COME, GENTLE SPRING, ethereal mildness, come,
 And ope the country to th' expectant bum.

"A CURIOUS NEGRO superstition is that a man who has been struck by lightning cannot swim," says an exchange. We have noticed the same thing, too, about negroes who have died from yellow fever.

IN EUFAULA, Ala., a few nights ago, a mad dog attacked the members of a dramatic troupe who were staying at the St. Julien Hotel. There seems to be worse acting this season than usual.

"STAND BY the bridge that carries you over." But then the writer said this before any penalty was attached to loafing about the piers on either the New York or Brooklyn side.

OUR JANE has climbed the golden stair,
 And passed the pearly gates;
 Henceforth she shall have wings to wear,
 Instead of roller-skates.

THIS TERRITORY will go into the Union in good time; but she will not enter through fraud, bribery and corruption.—*Salt Lake Herald*. You bet she won't.

PROFESSOR RHEEM, of Washington, says "snakes do not jump." This would seem to indicate that the Professor has never indulged to any extent in Washington liquors.

THE PICTURE AGENT.

In curious volumes we read animadversions upon peddlers, and as late as the fourteenth century accounts were written of the eccentricities of lightning-rod agents. In Herodotus there is an examination and *exposé* of the system used by agents of life-insurance. Says he: "If they cannot talk a man to death, they readily insure his life, knowing that he can never die."

But eclipsing these scourges, it remains for the nineteenth century, which produced Matthew Arnold and potato-bugs (and one million savants to assure us the latter are not bugs, but beetles,) to produce also the most monumental Destroyer of Happiness and Terminator of Delight.

My maid came to me, the other day, in a state of awe, and informed me that Mr. Gonfalon wished to see me. I found Mr. Gonfalon planted in the parlor, having the air of a rich but intimate friend. We shook hands warmly, and he attempted to conceal his disappointment at finding me so short and fat.

He waited until I was seated and had wreathed my face in an idiotic smile of welcome, (expecting him to say, "I am just from California, and bring good news,") when he burst out in confidence and told me he was the State representative of Goodpill and Apricot.

"I am informed," said he: "that you are a man of taste who devotes himself to art."

He then threw back his overcoat with as fine a negligence as if it were worth sixty dollars, instead of six, looked me in the eye, (still with the air of a rich city cousin,) and unfolded the gigantic scheme of his company. He called the company "we" all the time, and grew richer every moment.

"We thought, at first, of making three hundred sets, and selling them at a million a set: then we could have sold only to aristocrats."

He was an aristocrat himself, of course, but he seemed to assure me he would make his superiority as little felt as possible.

"We have concluded," he then blandly continued: "to make thirty thousand sets, and sell them for—for—now, as a man who likes art, what do you suppose? Just guess. Don't be afraid."

He was about to make me laugh. He smiled himself, in anticipation of my plebeian joy. Then he slapped his leg and inquired what I would think of sixteen cents.

"Not sixteen dollars, mind you, but sixteen cents."

I failed to laugh at this ridiculous figure, and Mr. Gonfalon was ashamed of me. He haughtily drew back into his shell, and mentioned coldly that he would show me the pictures. As soon as his rich eye fell on them, however, he warmed up in spite of himself.

"Battle-scene!" said he: "'Landscape'! 'Faces'! 'Slave-girl'! 'Wreck'!"

As we looked along, he told me wherein each picture excelled, using beautiful art-language, which, I passingly observed, was printed on the opposite pages.

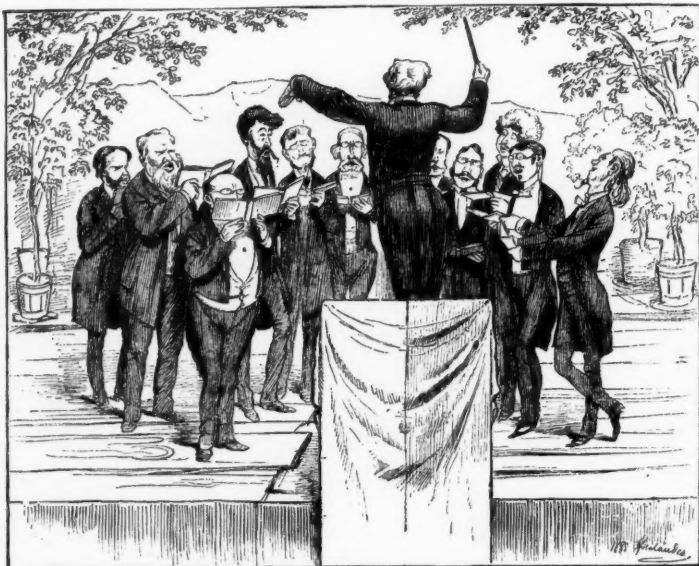
"Now, *that's* the Impressionist School!" he suddenly exclaimed, as if he had met an old friend. But he saw he was getting beyond me, so he thoughtfully giggled back and told me as simply as he could what the school consisted of.

"What do you think of it?" he concluded. Then he grinned encouragingly and said: "Come, now; how does it strike you—first glance?"

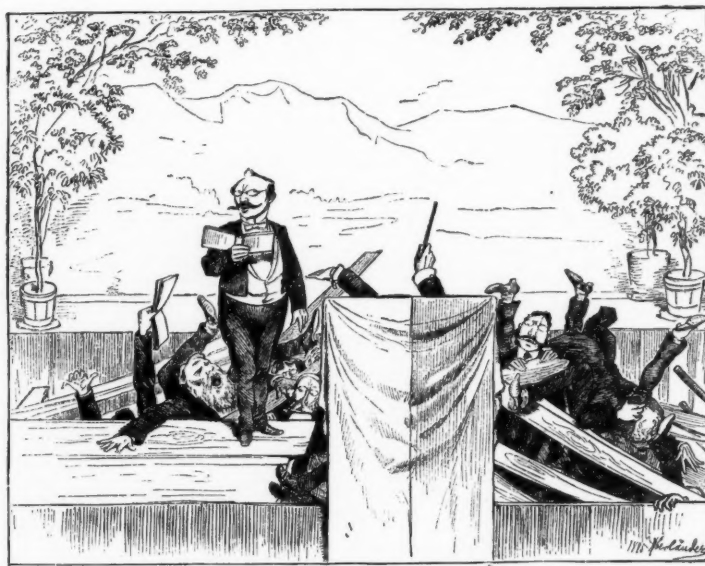
"My opinion—"

"You think it isn't of value? I assure you you do yourself injustice. Art is for the people: if the people don't like it, it isn't art. It amuses ME: folks think you have to go abroad to get genuine art—to Rome and—Bierstadt,

AN ACCIDENTAL EFFECT AT OUR GLEE CLUB.



LEADER: "Now, Gentlemen—'You are going far away,
Far away from poor Jeannette'—"



HERR SCHMITZELBERGER.—"'Dere is no one left to huf me now,
Und you doo may forget!'"

for instance. Well, so you have to be a Way-up, as you'd say; but I will warrant that by taking these pictures and studying them, you would get so you could talk to any one. And you'd enjoy every minute, too."

I didn't look as if I would, and he instantly adjusted himself to my sordid mind by saying:

"Now, here's this portfolio, (your name will be printed in this blank space—that will cost you nothing)—here's this portfolio: you put it on your centre-table, (you ought to have a centre-table; that's what the New York nobs have)—you put this on your table, and when you have company, it entertains them. They pick this up, and they see at a glance that you are a man of taste. That's what they'll see, and they'll talk about it. For, I give you my word, there is not a finer set of pictures in any home in America: I don't care whose it is, nor where it is."

Here he looked at me to see if I was dead yet, and finding me still in the ring, went on:

"I would like to wager a nice little sum that after you had this portfolio for just one week, you would not part with it for one hundred dollars."

I was non-committal. He began at the beginning, and turned over the leaves again.

"'Battle-scene,'" said he: "'Landscape,' 'Faces,' 'Slave-girl,' 'Wreck.'"

He put a gnarled, red, sand-papered hand on the pages, and seemed to boldly force it upon my intelligence as the most aristocratic hand I had ever seen.

"Now, here's a Rubens. You know Rubens—at least, you've heard of him. That's one of his finest. It's one of his shay-duvers, that's what it is. Way-ups, as you'd say."

Here he interrupted himself to witness, with great indignation, my execution of a reveillé yawn which I acquired at West Point. The yawn occupied the usual time between drums. When I had carefully completed it in all its details, and had repeated it enough times to disabuse his mind of any august but erroneous notions he might have conceived about the number of my back teeth, I unwound myself and said, brightly:

"Well, I'm glad you dropped in."

I said this brightly, but in such a way that he was forced to disbelieve me.

"You don't care to buy, then?" he snapped.

"Not much."

"I wish you had told me before."

"I would, but you know so much about art I was afraid to see you go out in the air. You are not, also, agent for a clothes-wringer, are you?"

"Most certainly not."

"You should be. You could make 'seventy-seven dollars a week in your own neighborhood, and expenses paid.' You'd be a regular shay-duver selling clothes-wringers."

He slammed together his portfolio, and arose to kick down his high-water trousers and adjust his six-dollar overcoat. Meanwhile I broke off in the middle of a yawn, and remarked:

"You wouldn't have to sell clothes-wringers for sixteen cents, and tell sixteen lies to do it." Then I yawned again. "For a good, light-action (yawn) clothes-wringer (yawn) a man who knew you would give you fifty dollars."

"Why is that?" he asked, trying to be polished, although his trousers bagged conspicuously at the knees.

"Well, I don't know; but I suppose so as to have something handy, in case you came around again, to wring your nose with. Your nose, sir. Good-day."

WILLISTON FISH.

It was one of those bitter cold nights that the oldest settler always remembers and insists on bringing up when anything is said about the desire of the mercury to hide itself in the bulb, and the wind whistled an air from Wagner as it tore through the trees. Yet, out in the cold night, before a cottage door, stood a trembling figure. He softly knocked, and in a moment the door was opened and a kind face appeared, while a gentle woman's voice asked:

"What is it, my poor man?"

"Madam," said the figure: "all I ask is to brush away the snow here in front of the house and eat some of the grass."

"No, my poor man," answered the gentle voice: "Though I am a woman, I still have a heart. Do not eat that grass. Go round to the back of the cottage and you will find some that is much more nourishing."

And the kind form disappeared, the door was closed, and the wind whistled another Wagnerian air.—*Boston Post*.

A RECEIPT for lemon-pie vaguely adds: "Then sit on a hot stove and stir constantly." Just as if anybody could sit on a hot stove without stirring constantly.—*Hotel Gazette*.

A NEW journal in London is called the *Family Doctor*. Its visits are much cheaper than those of the ordinary family-doctor, but it is not likely to supersede the latter. A man may know a dozen infallible remedies for a certain disease, and his wife be acquainted with as many more; but when a member of his family is seized with that particular ailment, he doesn't prescribe his remedies. He sends for a doctor. But if a neighbor is attacked with the disease, he immediately prescribes his "sure-cure" with a reckless lavishness.—*Norristown Herald*.

JIM WEBSTER was brought up before an Austin Justice of the Peace. It was the same old charge that used to bother him in Galveston. After the evidence was all in, the Judge, with a perplexed look, said:

"But I do not comprehend, Webster, how it was possible for you to steal those chickens when they were roosting right under the owner's window, and there were two vicious dogs in the yard."

"Hit wouldn't do yer a bit of good, Jedge, for me to 'splain how I cotched dem chickens, for yer couldn't do hit yerself if yer tried hit forty times, and yer might get yer hide full ob buckshot de berry fust time yer put yer leg ober de fence. De bes way for you to do, Jedge, is fur yer to buy yer chickens in de market, and when you wants ter commit any rascality, do hit on de bench, whar you am at home."—*Texas Siftings*.

If you want a hat that knocks
Off all other hats the socks,
Get right up and swiftly glide
To the store of Espenscheid.
118 Nassau Street, New York.

Lundborg's Perfume, Edenia.
Lundborg's Perfume, Maréchal Niel Rose.
Lundborg's Perfume, Alpine Violet.
Lundborg's Perfume, Lily of the Valley.

If you suffer from looseness of the bowels, **Angostura Bitters** will surely cure you. Beware of counterfeits and ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, prepared by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons.

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WILL BE PAID FOR

PUCK No. 371, (APRIL 16TH, 1884.)

at Office of PUCK, 21—25 Warren St., N. Y.

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

Advertisements or changes of Advertisements on 12th, 13th and 14th pages of PUCK must be handed in on Wednesday before 3 P. M. Forms of the 15th page are closed Friday at noon.

The Winter which is drawing to a close, has been unexampled in its severity. For months the RIVERS, as well as the streams, have been SOLID, and the FILTH, which usually passes off in the water-courses, has accumulated alarmingly. When SPRING opens, the impulse which may be given, to the usual effect of BAD WATER, is to be dreaded; backed, as it is, by impending and expected

CHOLERA.

As a Preventive against the attacks of CHOLERA, and like Zymotic diseases, the

GENUINE FRED. BROWN'S GINGER

has proved in the past of the greatest service; (a teaspoonful in each glass of water used, is recommended), and in larger doses with hot water, as a remedy in the treatment of persons attacked, it has done much GOOD.

Prepare for the Enemy

by having a bottle of the

GENUINE FRED. BROWN'S GINGER

always on hand.

Shun Worthless Imitations

put up in Blue Paper. SEE that the Brown's Ginger you take is NOT ONLY WRAPPED in Blue, but has Three (3) Trade-Marks on it—

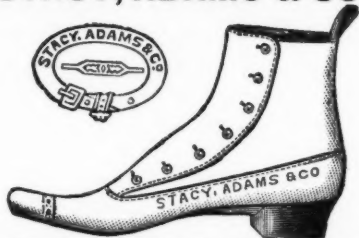
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- 2d. THE RED ADDITIONAL with SIGNATURE. And
- 3d. ADDITIONAL TRADE-MARK in BLUE, BLACK and WHITE, with usual dose.

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PHILADELPHIA.

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Ask your dealer for the Stacy, Adams & Co. Shoe.

These goods are made of the best French and Domestic stock, Kangaroo tops, in hand and machine sewed, in CONGRESS, BUTTON and LACE, and EVERY PAIR WARRANTED. Satisfaction is guaranteed everyone that wears the Stacy, Adams & Co. Shoe. Sold everywhere by first-class dealers. If these goods are not kept in stock by your dealer, send your address to

STACY, ADAMS & CO.,
98 Summer Street, Boston, Mass.

A HARMLESS crank has made an affidavit that the ice at the poles of the earth is causing such hydraulic and hydrostatic pressure that earthquakes are frequent in this neighborhood, and that the planet is in immediate danger of smashing up. He has asked the New York Board of Education to send three well-known professors to investigate the impending calamity. The Board, with that sense of congruity which is one of its most pronounced characteristics, referred the subject to its Committee on Warming and Ventilation.—*Boston Post.*

THE New York newspapers, in the matter of the contractor of the fallen houses, should let the law take its course. It is the duty of the press to castigate rascals, we know, but they are inflicting more punishment than is deserved. They have already spelled his name Buddensock, Buddensick, Buddensoek, Buddenseik, Buddensark, Buddensoke, Buddensike, and Buddensik. It is quite likely the Court will refuse to inflict further punishment.—*Norristown Herald.*

WOMAN is herself a creature of intuition, as everybody will admit; but that's no reason why she should sally out on the street with a thick drab veil drawn over her face away down to her chin, and then expect every male being of her acquaintance she meets to recognize her half-a-block away.—*Somerville Journal.*

O'DONOVAN ROSSA is supposed to have planned for a boy to make faces at the Prince of Wales in Ireland. The boy did it only when the Prince was not looking at him, and cannot claim any part of O'Donovan's skirmishing fund.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

EMMA NEVADA, the sweet singer of the Sierras, kissed three hundred girls before leaving San Francisco, and complains that it made her very tired. Served her right. Why didn't she hire a cheap young man?—*Peck's Sun.*

FOR MALARIA BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

This medicine quickly and completely cures Malaria and Chills and Fever. For Intermittent Fevers, Lassitude, Lack of Energy, it has no equal. It Enriches and Purifies the Blood. Stimulates the Appetite, and Strengthens the Muscles and Nerves. It does not injure the teeth, cause headache, or produce constipation—all other Iron medicines do. The Genuine has above Trade Mark and crossed red lines on wrapper. TAKE NO OTHER.

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Over 22,000 Now in Use. Write for Catalogue.
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THE CELEBRATED SOHMER PIANOS

ARE AT PRESENT THE MOST POPULAR
AND PREFERRED BY LEADING ARTISTS.

WAREROOMS:

149, 151, 153, 155 East 14th Street, N. Y.

SOHMER & CO.

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RICHEST ASSORTMENT OF
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Jewelry



GREAT
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WATCHES.
LOWEST AND ONE PRICE ONLY.



GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.

BAKER'S Breakfast Cocoa.

Warranted absolutely pure
Cocoa, from which the excess of
Oil has been removed. It has three
times the strength of Cocoa mixed
with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar,
and is therefore far more economical,
costing less than one cent a
cup. It is delicious, nourishing,
strengthening, easily digested, and
admirably adapted for invalids as
well as for persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

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TRADE MARK GOLLARS AND GUFFS OF THE CROWN BRAND ARE SUPERIOR TO ALL OTHERS. TROY, N.Y. GEO. B. CLUETT, BRO. & CO.

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INDELIBLE
INK

Is the BEST. No preparation.
Used with any clean pen for marking
any fabric. Popular for decorative
work on linen. Received Centennial
MEDAL & Diploma. Established
50 years. Sold by all
Druggists, Stationers & News Agents.

CANDY

Send one, two, three or five dollars
for a retail box, by express, of the best
Candies in the World, put up in hand-
some boxes. All strictly pure. Suitable
for presents. Try it once.

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78 Madison St., Chicago.

New Editions of PUCK No. 417, with double-page Cartoon,

"CLEVELAND'S ENTRY INTO WASHINGTON, MARCH 4th, 1895,"

and PUCK No. 418, with double-page Supplement,

"PRESIDENT CLEVELAND AND HIS CABINET,"

have been printed.

PUCK No. 422, with double-page Supplement on

GENERAL ULYSS'S S. GRANT.

is not out of print.

Copies of the above numbers can be had of all News-dealers, or will be mailed on receipt

of price (10 cents). Address:

OFFICE OF PUCK,

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HUMILIATING ERUPTIONS ITCHING AND BURNING TORTURES

AND EVERY SPECIES OF ITCHING, Scaly, Pimples, Inherited, Scrofulous, and Contagious Diseases of the Blood, Skin, and Scalp, with Loss of Hair, from infancy to old age, are positively cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES.

CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new blood purifier, cleanses the blood and perspiration of impurities and poisonous elements, and thus removes the cause.

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, instantly allays Itching and Inflammation, clears the Skin and Scalp, heals Ulcers and Sores, and restores the Hair.

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Remarkable Cure of a Horse.

I had a valuable horse taken with Pinkeye, resulting in blood-poison. After nine months of doctoring I despaired of a cure. His right hind leg was as large as a man's body, and had on it 40 running sores. I used 15 bottles S. S. S., and all symptoms of the disease disappeared, and there have been no signs of a return.

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Spring Overcoats to order from \$18.00
Suits " " " 20.00
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Samples and Self-Measurement Rules Mailed on Application.

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Opposite Stewart's,
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LIQUID PEARL
FOR BEAUTIFYING THE COMPLEXION.
REPEATEDLY REMOVES SUNBURN, TAN, FRECKLES,
leaving the skin soft and fair, adds great beauty to the
complexion. MDM. PATTI and all beautiful women
use it. ONLY 50c. a bottle, worth double that
compared with other articles for the same purpose.
All Druggists Sell it. Be sure you get the genuine.
CHAMPLIN & CO., PROP'RS. BUFFALO, N. Y.

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Relieved and cured without the injury trusses inflict by Dr. J. A. SHERMAN'S method. Office, 251 Broadway, New York. His book, with strong endorsements and photographic likenesses of bad cases before and after cure, mailed for ten cents.

Separate Copies of double-page Cartoon,

"President Cleveland and His Cabinet,"

can now be obtained, Price 5 cents per copy, of all Newsdealers, or

THE PUBLISHERS OF PUCK,

21, 23, 25 Warren Street, New York.

A MAINE teamster says: "I can start the most obstinate horse by taking him out of the shafts and leading him around in a circle until he is giddy." And now we are disturbed by the question how is he going to lead him round in a circle without starting him?—*Boston Post*.

A CHILD with three eyes has been born in Ohio. It will be able to cast an extra eye to windward for an office; but the greatest advantage of having three eyes will become apparent when the child gets old enough to attend a three-ringed circus.—*Norristown Herald*.

"AND them's what folks calls handsome, are they?" said a farmer, as he watched a couple of hansom cabs rolling down the street: "Well, I wonder what they'd think if they could see a new wagon with red wheels?"—*Chicago Ledger*.

A NUMBER of dead fish have been washed up on the beach near Long Branch. The theory that their death was caused by Tennyson's poem, which came over the cable a few days ago, seems plausible.—*Norristown Herald*.

Now is the time of year when you want to get a new house, and every friend of yours can tell you exactly where you can find one which will just suit you; but you can't find it yourself to save your life.—*Boston Post*.

A NEW YORK policeman has just been sentenced to imprisonment for life. He was probably found awake at his post, and his superiors wanted to make an example of him to the rest of the force.—*Lowell Citizen*.

A TROY man shot at a hen with a revolver, and hit a neighbor who was sitting on the fence watching him. Both are agreed that the bullet glanced from the hen.—*Burlington Free Press*.

If the offices sought the men, professional politicians would get left. The offices could never find any of them at home.—*Philadelphia Call*.

THE King of Siam has 263 children, and yet he can secure board at any summer hotel in that country. This is one of the advantages of being a king.—*Graphic*.

JUDGING from the length of time the Rev. Mr. Harrison has been known as "the boy preacher," he must be in his second childhood.—*Graphic*.

"When a remedy has stood the test of more than thirty years' trial and to-day is more largely used than ever, its worth is evidently unquestioned. Such is the record of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

PHONOGRAPHY, or Phonetic Short Hand. Catalogue of works by Benn Pitman and Jerome B. Howard, with alphabet and illustration for beginners, sent on application. Address: 22 PHONOGRAPHIC INSTITUTE, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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Every Evening at 8:15. Saturday Matinees at 2.

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BICYCLES Repaired and Nickel Plated.

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Newest patterns in rattan, reed and
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Together 7,900 premiums, amounting to 2,189,000 Florins. The next redemption
takes place on the First of June, and every bond bought of
us on or before the 1st of June until 6 P. M. is entitled to the whole pre-
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in REGISTERED LETTERS, and inclosing \$5, will secure one of these bonds for
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Economical and convenient for all kitchen purposes. Better for babies than uncondensed milk. Sold everywhere.

148

The Famous English Custard Powder—Produces
DELICIOUS CUSTARD WITHOUT EGGS, at
HALF THE COST AND TROUBLE.

BIRD'S Sold in Boxes at 18 cents,
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By S. S. Normandie we have received an invoice of the latest Paris Novelties, comprising some of the most choice Trimmed Hats and Bonnets Imported this season. Also, new designs in Flowers and Fancy Feathers, Scarfs, Tricoline, and other new trimming effects. New shapes in Ladies', Misses', and Children's Hats, &c. These goods will be offered, together with our fine stock of fine Millinery, at

LOWEST BOTTOM PRICES.

BED-TIME.

'Twas sunset-time, when grandma called
To lively little Fred:
"Come, dearie, put your toys away,
It's time to go to bed."

But Fred demurred. "He was n't tired.
He did n't think 'twas right
That he should go so early, when
Some folks sat up all night."

Then grandma said, in pleading tone,
"The little chickens go
To bed at sunset ev'ry night,
All summer long, you know."

Then Freddie laughed, and turned to her
His eyes of roguish blue,
"Oh, yes, I know," he said: "But then,
Old hen goes with them, too."
—Nellie K. Kellogg, in *Good Cheer*.

"WHOSE dog is that, old man?" asked a
gentleman of an old negro.

"Whut, dat dog?"

"Yes."

"Ain't he yourn?"

"No."

"Sartin o' it?"

"Yes."

"Den he's mine. Heah, heah, come heah
ter me, sah! Whut yer prowl'in' roun' de coun-
try fur?"

Anything that does not belong to some one
else always belongs to the colored gentleman.

—Arkansas Traveler.

"Is THIS a millinery-store?"

"It is."

"And do you deliver goods?"

"We do."

"And you have spring bonnets?"

"Yes."

"And could you send one up to my house
real quick?"

"How quick?"

"Very quick! awful quick! just as quick as
you can, so the style won't change before you
get there."—Burlington Hawkeye.

NEVER strike a man when he's up.—Texas
Siftings.

Pneumonia Fearfully Increasing.

"The fact that there were 491 deaths from pneumonia in Chicago during the first two weeks of March need not surprise any one," said Dr. Bagman yesterday. "The weather has been of a nature to assist the progress of all diseases of this class, and people neglect the most ordinary precautions. At this season nobody should expose themselves to the cold after being over-heated. It is impossible to avoid this in all cases, however, and the next best thing is to use DUFFY'S PURE MALT WHISKEY, which is a sure preventive of, as well as a remedy for, pneumonia, diphtheria, and all pulmonary troubles. The leading druggists and grocers sell it, and I consider it cheap at a dollar a bottle, being entirely free from all adulteration."

ANGOSTURA



BITTERS.

An excellent appetizing tonic of exquisite flavor, now used over the whole world, cures Dyspepsia, Diarrhoea, Fever and Ague, and all disorders of the Digestive Organs. A few drops impart a delicious flavor to a glass of champagne, and to all summer drinks. Try it, and beware of counterfeits. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, manufactured by DR. J. G. B. SIEGERT & SONS.

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HIRES' IMPROVED ROOT BEER.
Packages, 27c. Makes 5 gallons of a delicious, sparkling and wholesome beverage. Sold by all druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of 25c. C. E. HIRES, 48 N. Del. Ave., Phila., Pa. 144



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THE GREAT RELISH. 122

PERLE D'OR CHAMPAGNE

Dry and Extra Dry.

178 Duane St., N. Y.

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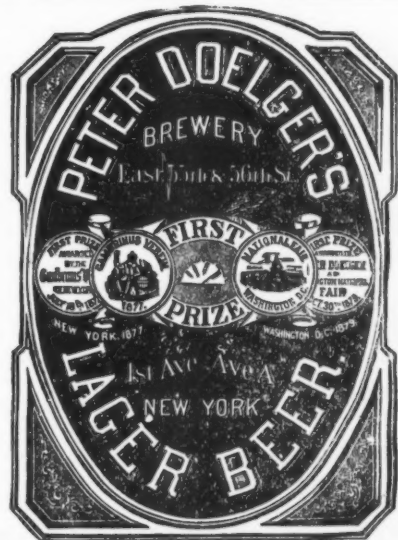
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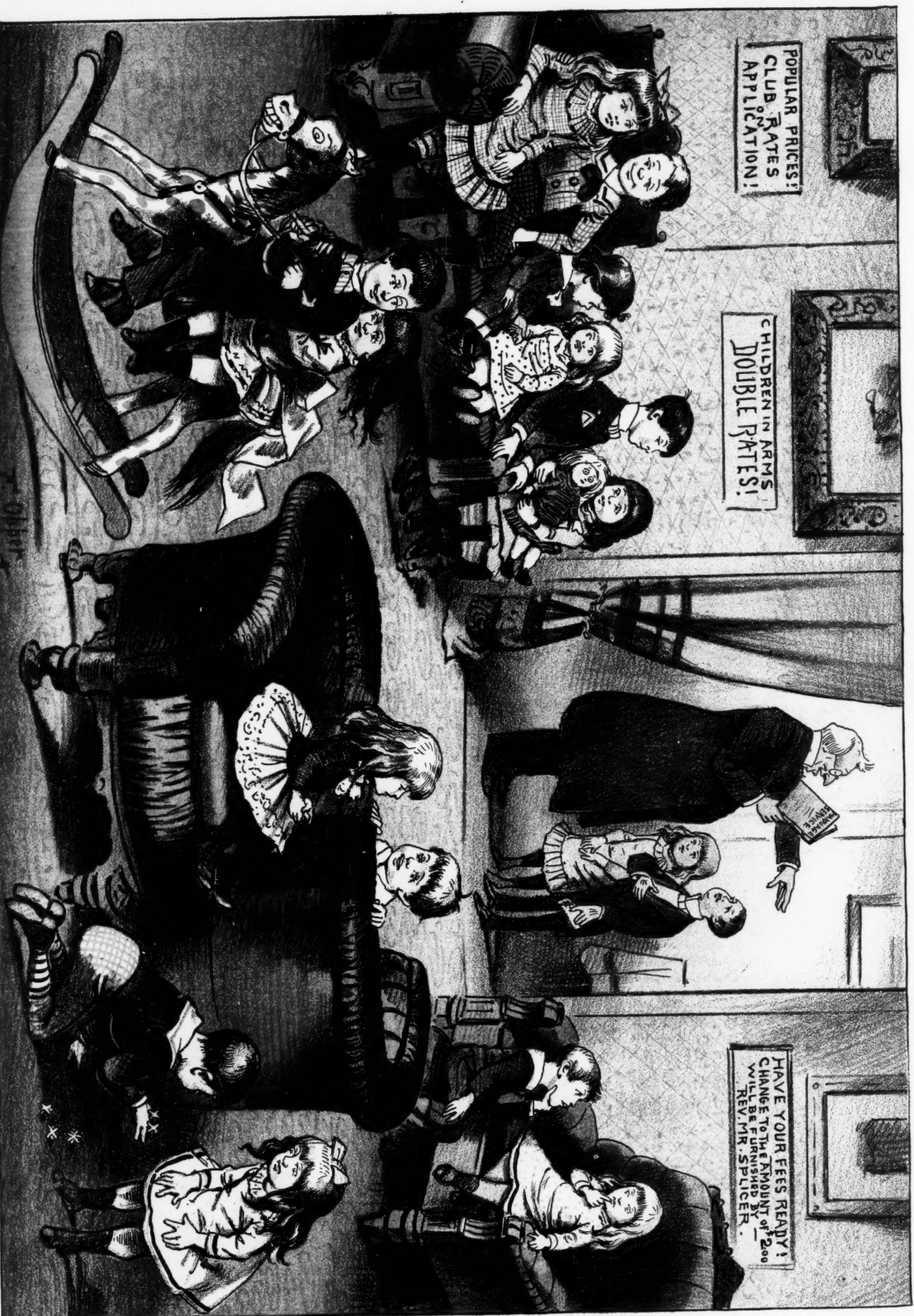
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NEW YORK. 102



TAPE WORM.

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